

Moffatt, Robert

Sacred poems. Cambray, Ont.,  
1887.





# SACRED POEMS

BY

ROBT MOFFATT

CAMBRAY, ONT.

PRICE, 15 CENTS

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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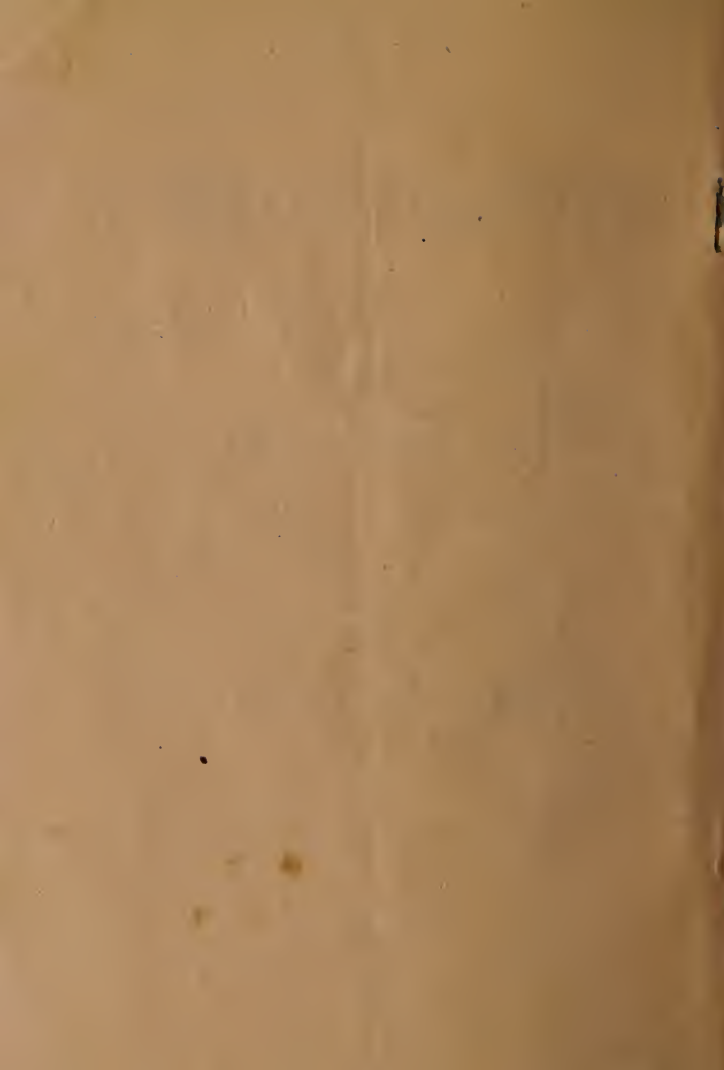
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# Sacred Poems

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## The Fall of Man

“The Lord God said unto the woman, ‘What hast thou done?’ And she said, ‘The serpent beguiled me.’”

When Adam first by God was made,  
With wisdom from above,  
And there he formed the female tribe  
Which he so much did love.

And there he placed the happy pair  
In Eden's bowers to dwell,  
To labor and to keep it clean,  
And all to dress it well.

But there came a wily serpent,  
And, hissing all around,  
He said it was a lovely place,  
And it was fruitful ground.

He said “There was the tree of life,  
And knowledge there likewise ;  
And if they ate that bonny fruit  
They would see with clearer eyes.”

The woman told the serpent  
That God had told her why  
That moment that they ate that fruit  
That moment they should die.

The serpent said the fruit was good,  
And it was very fair ;  
They need not fear to eat of it,  
For there was abundance there.

The woman she did take the fruit,  
 And gave to Adam so,  
 And thus the lovely, happy pair  
 Was plunged in guilt and woe.

The Lord did touch the serpent then—  
 He cursed him to his face,  
 Because he had deceived Eve  
 And all the fallen race.

And then the Lord did drive him out  
 From Eden's blissful bowers,  
 No more to eat its bonny fruit  
 Nor gross its lovely flowers.

And there a shining angel,  
 With sword to guard the way,  
 That they should not return again,  
 God's laws to disobey.

But yet a glorious day shall dawn  
 On Adam's guilty race,  
 And God will bring salvation  
 By his own sovereign grace.

A star shall shine from Judah,  
 From Christ, the sinners' stay,  
 He is the darling of our souls  
 And bids us come away.

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### **Come, Gracious Saviour**

Come, gracious Saviour, Lord divine,  
 Come, change this wicked heart of mine,  
 And lead us to thy throne above  
 Where saints and angels dwell in love.

O! loving Saviour, hear my call,  
 Thy mercy, Lord, extends to all,  
 And lead us to that happy land  
 Where on Mount Zion we shall stand.



O ! gracious Saviour, God of Truth,  
Renew our souls like eagle's youth,  
And lead us to Thy throne of grace,  
Where each good child can see Thy face.

O ! Thou who lookest over all,  
Prepare our souls by Thy just call,  
And lead us to Thy glorious throne  
Where sin and death are never known.

O ! Holy Father, God of Love !  
Come, draw our souls to Heaven above,  
Where we shall reign, from sin set free,  
And have no other gods but Thee.

Now, Adam, I have done with thee  
Because thou brought'st the curse on me ;  
I rest my soul on Christ alone,  
And plead the merits of His throne.

My glorious Saviour is my all,  
Which saves us from poor Adam's fall.  
He is my God I love the most—  
My Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

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**Moses Called up into the Mount to view  
the Land, and die there**

This holy Saint did mount the hill  
Where God commanded so,  
And cast his rolling eyes across  
Where Jordan's stream did flow.

His holy gaze went shining down  
Upon the plains below,  
Which was to be the dwelling place  
For Israel's tribes below.

His heavenly gaze was called up  
And far beyond the sky,  
Where darkness, sin and sorrow there  
Shall never more come nigh.

His eyes did run across the plains  
 To view the land afar ;  
 By faith he saw the shining light  
 Of Christ—his glorious Star.

And there the power of God came down  
 And sealed his eyes in death ;  
 For God can take away our souls  
 And lay us cold in death.

His grave was never known to man,  
 For 'God did place him there ;  
 His holy soul did fly away  
 To breathe celestial air.

His holy soul was called up  
 To dwell with Christ on high ;  
 All glory to our heavenly Lord,  
 Who gave His Son to die.

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**In Memory of my dear departed Brother-  
 in-Law**

This holy man, who walked with God,  
 He studied all the day  
 To think how precious was that Blood  
 To wash our sins away.

The Cross of Christ was all his hope,  
 The sinners saved his joy ;  
 Christ's dying love did launch his barque  
 To sail to endless joy.

God's glory was his chief delight,  
 Redemption was his joy ;  
 Salvation was his crown of gold  
 His Father did employ.

He was from Adam's guilty race,  
 And well he knew the same,  
 But when he thought of Heaven's great Lord  
 It kindled up his flame.

I often walked by his side  
 On Stickell's lovely brae ;  
 I thought of Christ, the Living Stream  
 To wash our sins away.

And now his soul is called away  
 To dwell with Christ on high ;  
 All glory to our Heavenly Lord  
 Who gave His Son to die.

And now he's gone to Heaven above,  
 Where angels sing for joy ;  
 Where saints shall praise and ever raise  
 Their sweetest voices high.

I often heard the good McClay  
 Preach heavenly grace to me,  
 And of the lovely Son of God  
 Who died upon the tree.

O ! how I loved that holy name—  
 I love God's servants still ;  
 O ! may he long preserved be  
 To do his Master's will.

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### **The Sufferings of Christ**

There is a fountain pure  
 Flows from the throne of God,  
 Where our Redeemer shed his Blood,  
 His goodness to unfold.

His loving Father, O ! how great  
 His love and grace to me,  
 To give His lovely Son to die  
 To save us sinners free.

My dear Redeemer—dying Lamb—  
 How sweet Thy name to me,  
 That purifies our guilty souls.  
 Heaven will let us see.

Come, see Him in the Garden there—  
 The blood ran trickling down ;  
 They tore His lovely hands with nails,  
 And crowned His brow with thorns.

O ! come by faith and see Him now  
 Suspended on the tree,  
 His pardoning Blood has washed our souls  
 And saves and sets us free.

O ! come by faith and see Him now  
 Suspended on the Cross ;  
 He dies for us and loves again,  
 And gains what we have lost.

O ! come by faith and see Him laid  
 In Joseph's rugged tomb ;  
 He dies for us and loves again  
 And saves from final doom.

O ! come by faith and see Him now  
 Exalted on His throne ;  
 He takes His loved people there  
 And crowns them for His own.

O ! come by faith and see Him now !  
 No human tongue can tell.  
 He purifies our guilty souls,  
 And saves from Sin and Hell.

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### •      **The Birth of Christ**

A shining star on Bethlehem's plains  
 So beautiful and fair,  
 Which told the Eastern Magii  
 That Christ was born there.

The next comes shining angels,  
 And told the shepherds thus—  
 That they had been at Bethlehem  
 And seen the child for us.

Then comes the wandering shepherds  
 To where the Babe did dwell  
 Which was to be their Saviour,  
 And ransom them from hell.

Then comes the astonished shepherds  
 To where the Babe did lie  
 Which was to be their Saviour,  
 And all their wants supply.

Then comes the Eastern Magii,  
 And presents they do bring,  
 The productions of Arabia,  
 To Christ, their glorious King.

They bring Him gifts of shining gold—  
 Frankincense and myrrh also ;  
 And that what came from Heaven above  
 To die for man below.

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### **On Jonah, the Peevish Prophet**

The mountains cannot hide from God,  
 Nor rocks, nor raging sea ;  
 To where you go, to where you fly,  
 The Lord is still with thee.

And Jonah went to Nineveh—  
 His message was from Heaven ;  
 He cried unto their wicked King  
 That forty days were given.

The King was humbled in the dust,  
 And all his subjects there,  
 They clothed themselves in sackcloth,  
 And cried to God in prayer.

The Lord He spared the city then,  
 And Jonah watched the sea ;  
 His God did die, and so must I,  
 And all frail men like me.

The orb of day still runs his race,  
 But I remain still poor in grace ;  
 O ! may the Lord impart to me  
 The grace that sets the sinner free.

Come, fellow sinners, let us work  
 While we have light and day ;  
 The time will come when you and I  
 Must crumble into clay.

One soul's redemption precious is ;  
 Gold cannot buy it there ;  
 It's purchased with redeeming love—  
 The Lamb of God so fair.

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### **What the Bible is**

The Bible is a Book divine,  
 And from its pages truth doth shine;  
 It tells us all we must beware  
 And never give way to despair,  
 And just to take it as it stands,  
 For it is full of God's commands.

The Bible is a Book of knowledge—  
 Young men that taught it at the College  
 They're taught to love, live and pray,  
 For that's their Lord's most holy way.

The Bible is a Book of skill;  
 It treads upon the serpent's heel;  
 And on his belly he shall go,  
 Because he brought the curse and woe.

The Bible is a Book of love—  
 Our Father sent it from above;  
 Which tells us of Salvation's plan,  
 Which Christ the Lord hath brought to man.

The Bible is a Book of grace—  
 It tells the wicked to their face  
 To turn to Christ without delay;  
 His holy laws they must obey.

The Bible is a Book so wise—  
 Its Author reigns above the skies;  
 And every sinner under Heaven  
 May find a full salvation given.

The Bible is a Book so free—  
 It's free to all, it's free to me;  
 It sets before us life and death,  
 And leads us on our heavenly path.

The Bible is a Book so kind—  
 It tells the wicked and the blind  
 To love the Lord with all their heart,  
 And from His laws do not depart.

The Bible is a Book so just—  
 Its Author is the sinners' trust;  
 It draws to heaven and warns of hell;  
 It gives the truth and will not sell.

The Bible is a Book the best—  
 It leads to everlasting rest;  
 It draws us to an heavenly King,  
 His sweet salvation then doth bring.

The Bible is a Book so clear—  
 The devil's wiles we need not fear;  
 It draws to heaven and wards off hell;  
 The power of God so clear doth tell.

The Bible is a Book so great—  
 It tells us all to love by faith,  
 And sue for peace from Christ alone,  
 And plead for pardon from His throne.

The Bible is a Book so sure—  
 God's holy Word shall still endure,  
 And last while time and tide roll on,  
 And land us on His glorious throne.

The Bible is a Book so grand—  
It draws poor sinners to a stand;  
It tells us of Christ's dying love,  
Which draws our souls to heaven above.

The Bible is a Book so fine—  
And all its pages most sublime.  
It leads us to Christ's happy shore,  
Where sin and death are known no more.

The Bible is a Book so pure—  
And all God's promises are sure.  
It has no equal to be found  
In heaven above nor on the ground.

The Bible is a Book so good—  
God's holy Word hath firmly stood;  
It's all I need; I want no more;  
God's holy name I will adore.

The Bible is a precious Book—  
I see God's name where e'er I look;  
It's full of truth and love divine—  
Now I can call my Saviour mine.

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### Love of Christ

How great the love of Christ  
To die in man is given;  
He seals His pardon with His blood,  
And draws our souls to heaven.

Stupendous love! amazing grace!  
That Christ has died for me—  
A rebel of the deepest dye—  
He saves and sets me free.

How great the love of God  
To fallen, guilty man,  
To give His lovely Son to die,  
And draw Salvation's plan.



How great the love of Christ  
 To Adam's guilty race,  
 That every sinner under heaven  
 May share His sovereign grace.

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### On Temperance

I never saw a battle-field,  
 But I've often heard it said  
 That the dead and men in numbers  
 Upon the ground did lie.

With the roaring of the cannon,  
 And the tumult of the strife—  
 How dreadful is that carnage  
 That robs man of his life.

Now, drink has slain its thousands,  
 Without one shot or shell—  
 How dreadful is that awful path  
 That leads the soul to hell.

---

### I Love to be Alone with God

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, for it is the Christian's desire to be alone with God. The wicked have no desire to be alone with God, for they cannot stand the test."

I love to be alone with God,  
 Down by the lovely dell,  
 That I may sing the Maker's praise  
 And in His presence dwell.

I love to be alone with God,  
 Down by the lovely green,  
 Where little birds do sing His praise.  
 On sparkled, flowery wing.

I love to be alone with God,  
 Where dangers cannot rise,  
 That I may muse upon His word—  
 My soul He'll not despise.

I love to be alone with God,  
 Down by the flowing stream,  
 That I may drink of His sweet love,  
 And bathe my soul in Him.

I love to be alone with God  
 Down by the flowing tide,  
 And under the shadow of His wings  
 My soul shall safe abide.

I love to be alone with God  
 Where waves do swell and roar,  
 That all His mighty power may see,  
 And dwell for evermore.

I love to be alone with God ,  
 The Fountain of eternal joy,  
 And all my love and all my soul  
 And all my heart I will employ.

I love to be alone with God,  
 By faith our glorious King to see,  
 And in His grace may find a place,  
 And ever in His presence be.

I love to be alone with God  
 Where Christ the Lord is King;  
 Oh! may he dress our souls for flight  
 On love's triumphant wing.

I love to be alone with God  
 Where Christ doth reign above;  
 Oh! may his holy Spirit come  
 And fill our souls with love.

I love to be alone with God  
 Where Christ is all the praise;  
 I love to be alone with God,  
 His sweetest songs to raise.

For could I hear Him speak to me—  
 With that sweet voice to say,  
 Christ is the pleasure of our souls,  
 And bids us come away.

---

### **On the Brevity of Human Life**

Our time that flies so fast away,  
 Our earthly pleasures must decay.  
 Lord of Hosts! he knows the best  
 To bring us to His heaven at last.

Had I a thousand moments more,  
 The Lord of Hosts I will adore,  
 And sing His praise through endless day—  
 That lovely name shall not decay.

My God, my Saviour, doth demand  
 My life, my love, at His command.  
 He knows the time that we must die,  
 He sees our fleeting moments fly.

And all the praise to God in heaven,  
 For all our sins on earth forgiven,  
 And washed us clean from sin's dark spot,  
 Our souls made white without one blot.

How sweet it is to think of God  
 And Christ, who reigns on yonder throne;  
 He is my God I love the most—  
 He will not let our souls be lost.

---

### **On David, the King**

David was a mighty king  
 As ever swayed the Jewish throne;  
 He fed his father's flocks by day,  
 And all his ways to God were known.

'Mong pastures green he fed his flocks—  
 The tender lambs, he fed them there;  
 The Lord did nerve his arm with strength  
 To slay the lion and the bear.

On Bethlehem's plains he tuned his harp,  
 He charmed the birds that winged the air,  
 He planned those lovely psalms we sing—  
 His heart went up to God in prayer.

Then David he ran to the host;  
 Old Jesse sent him there,  
 To give his brethren food to eat  
 And father's love to share.

But Eliad he did David chide,  
 And all to no avail,  
 For those who trust the living God,  
 Their hearts shall never fail.

Then ran the lovely David  
 To bring his sling and stones;  
 He pounced upon the giant's head  
 And heard his dying groans.

And such a shout as there went up—  
 The Philistines fled away,  
 For they saw their champion dead,  
 And David on him lay.

And David there cut off his head,  
 And carried it away;  
 Because he had defied the Lord,  
 Who laid him dead that day.

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### **Calvary's Sacred Holy Mountain**

O! come by faith to Calvary's mountain—  
 See the spotless Lamb of God  
 Opening up his crystal fountain,  
 Heavenly wisdom to unfold.

Come by faith to Calvary's mountain—  
 See God's Prophet, Priest and King,  
 Opening up His crystal fountain;  
 Living waters there doth bring.

Come by faith to Calvary's mountain—  
 See our Lord's annointed Lamb  
 Opening up His crystal fountain,  
 Draws salvation's glorious plan.

Come by faith to Calvary's mountain—  
 See our Lord's victorious King  
 Opening up His crystal fountain ;  
 Golden treasures there doth bring.

Come by faith to Calvary's mountain—  
 See our Lord's atoning Lamb  
 Opening up His crystal fountain,  
 All to save poor guilty man.

O ! come by faith to Calvary's meuntain,  
 See our own victorious King  
 Opening up His crystal fountain,  
 Ocean fulness there doth bring.

O ! come by faith to Calvary's mountain,  
 See the Prince of Glory die !  
 Opening up His crystal fountain ;  
 Draws poor sinners very nigh.

Come by faith to Calvary's mountain--  
 See the risen Son of God  
 Opening up His crystal fountain,  
 Boundless blessings to unfold.

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### Song

By cool Siloam and shady rill  
 Christ is my lovely flower ;  
 He draws our sinful souls to Him,  
 And shields our dying hour.

By cool Siloam and shady rill  
 Christ is my lily fair ;  
 He draws our troubled souls to Him,  
 His Father's love to share.

By cool Siloam and shady rill  
 Christ is my chief delight ;  
 He clothes our naked souls with grace,  
 In robes of shining white.

By cool Siloam and shady rill  
 Christ is my joy, my all ;  
 He draws our weary souls to Him,  
 And saves us from the fall,

By cool Siloam and shady rill  
 Christ is my darling fair ;  
 He draws our hardened hearts to Him  
 To breathe celestial air.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS :

I hope we will all meet in that land where we shall forever bloom, and never fade ; where there is no night ; where the light that shines from the glory of Christ shall be to us all perpetual day.











